

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



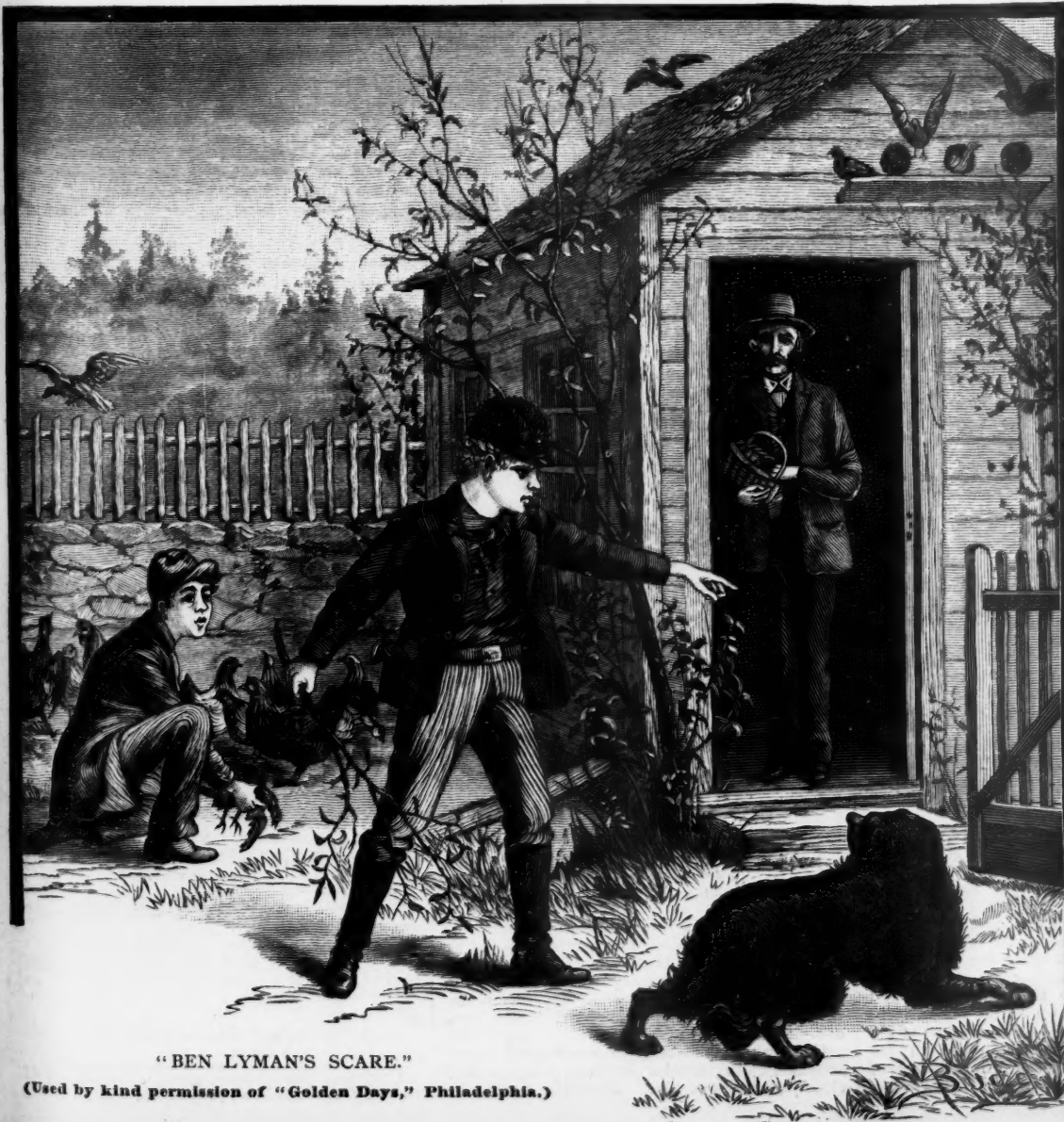
CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 22.

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No. 10.



"BEN LYMAN'S SCARE."

(Used by kind permission of "Golden Days," Philadelphia.)

## BEN LYMAN'S SCARE.

(Kindly loaned us by *Golden Days*, Philadelphia.)

That was a memorable fright that Ben Lyman had last March—the twentieth. The date stands out in his mind with dreadful distinctness. This was how it happened:

His father had been at work in his sugar-bush, two miles away; but he had business at home that day, and Ben seized the opportunity eagerly.

"I know all about sugar-making," he declared. "I've seen you do it enough times; and you know I helped a good deal last year. If I could take Fred Daniels along to help me—"

"Help you have a harum-scarum frolic," said Mr. Lyman; but his look was encouraging.

"We shall stay all night," said Ben, clinching the matter. "We can take some blankets and things, and sleep in the shed where you boil the sugar. Oh, it'll be jolly! Now, *don't* say we can't."

And though Ben's father at first shook his

head, and his mother demurred, it ended in his programme's being consented to, and in his rushing over before breakfast to tell Fred Daniels.

They were off at eight o'clock, with two packed lunch-pails and a bottle of milk stowed away among quilts and shawls in Ben's old express-wagon.

They were in their oldest clothes. Sugar-making was rough work, they reflected, with gratification. They felt like emigrants or gypsies, and they enjoyed the feeling.

Ben's big, black Newfoundland dog, Reginald, frisked and bounded about them as they went, beside himself with joy.

"You know you're going to do something uncommon, don't you, old boy?" said Ben, rubbing his ears. "Ticked to death, ain't you? Maybe you can catch a woodchuck or a squirrel, anyhow. You'll have some fun, you see."

But poor Reginald's holiday was of brief duration. He had frisked off into a yard they were passing, and suddenly there came a clatter from Mr. Adams' hennerly.

"Bet that's your dog," said Fred.

"Reg? No, sir," replied Ben.

But he dropped the wagon and hurried to the scene of the disturbance.

Alas! there stood Reg in the midst of a squawking flock, tremulous with excitement, and at his feet lay a mangled chicken. He leaped and pawed about Ben in a spasm of seeming delight. Mr. Adams stood in the door.

"Did you kill that chicken?" Ben asked.

Reg barked joyfully.

"He never did it before," he said to Mr. Adams, crestfallen; but I know dogs do. I'll pay you for it if you'll tell me how much?"

He was saving his money rigorously for a tennis set, and his heart sank and his indignation rose.

"See here, Reg, you know better; and I'm going to teach you a lesson," he declared.

There was a peach-tree at hand, and he broke a switch from it.

He did not hurt him much; he could not bring himself to do that. But if ever there was a stricken dog, it was Reginald. His ears drooped on his sinking head; his sprightly tail fell in abject humility; he stood fairly shivering with misery.

"Now, go home!" commanded Ben, sternly.

"You've lost your good time, Reg—you've forfeited it. Go home, sir!"

He said it with a lump in his throat. He had never whipped Reg before, and it touched him to see his old pet turn slowly away, with shame and dejection in every drooping line.

"Just as though he felt injured; just as though he didn't deserve it a bit. Never saw such a dog," Fred declared.

It was an unpleasant incident but it could not dampen Ben's spirits for long. There was too much fun in store.

They reached the woods out of breath, from running most of the way. They bounded over the fence and into the bush with whoops and cat-calls.

What boy ever saw the woods without yelling?

The trees were leafless as yet, and the ground bare, save for last year's dead leaves. But the sun glinted down through the branches, where a few early birds twittered, and a delightfully fragrant, woodsy smell came up from the moist earth.

"There are coals here from yesterday," Ben called out from the shed, where the huge black kettle hung on a tripod.

He stirred the ashes and ran for fuel, and in a moment the flames were again leaping under the big black kettle.

"It's running already," said Fred, racing about from tree to tree to look at the pails hanging on the dripping spiles. "Pshaw! it's *fun* making maple-sugar—just fun!"

Indeed, the actual work of the day was small; for two robust boys, gathering the sap two or three times—so often as the pails filled—and boiling it down in the iron kettle, was a light task. The "panning," as well as the last of the boiling, was always done at the house. There were ample interims for the "harum-scarum frolic."

What was there that they didn't do? They whittled wooden spoons, first of all, to taste the boiling sugar with; and the number of tastings that were necessary, and the total amount of the delicious syrup thereby consumed, was amazing.

They constructed a wigwam of dead branches, and then made a grand bonfire of it.

Altogether, they were surprised to find themselves tired and yawning when the early dusk settled down among the trees.

They lifted off the big kettle, and sat down to roast their apples—all their whetted appetites had left of their lunch.

They had hung a quilt at the open end of the shed. The little camp was dimly lighted by the fading fire. It was warm and cozy. They sat rather close together, for the thought of being away off there in the woods alone had a pleasantly scary element in it, and ate toasted apples and told stories till their eyelids fairly drooped and their heads nodded.

Then they tucked themselves into their respective blankets—their spring-beds at home had never seemed snuggler—and went to sleep.

Well, Ben woke up. He had no idea what time it was, but it was pitch dark except for a glimmer from a lingering coal, and he did not know what had wakened him.

He turned over and stretched himself sleepily, and then, all in an instant, he was broad awake and staring into the darkness with startled eyes.

His outstretched hand had touched something strange at his side—something warm, something shaggy, something *alive*!

His heart seemed to stop beating; he felt himself grow cold and weak. He pulled his arm back under the covers, and then lay motionless.

It was all he dared to do to look at the dreadful object, but the faint light from the ashes showed him that it was large and long and dark.

He could see its slight movement as it breathed with a heavy, audible regularity that was almost a snore.

It was a bear, of course. He knew that from the first. He shut his teeth tight to keep them from chattering, and tried to think.

He had always believed that there might be bears somewhere in these woods. Back of the sugar-bush, they extended half a mile north, and ended in an overrun jungle which was not often penetrated. And Ben had heard his Uncle Joseph tell of the bears that used to haunt the place in his day, and how he had helped trap one once and eaten a piece of steak from the old fellow, though it was tough, and got a dollar or two for his share of the pelt.

It was not impossible, Uncle Joseph had himself admitted, that a bear might turn up there some day yet. Ben had believed it, and now he knew it.

The bear had turned up, and had scented them out, and was here asleep, not two feet away from them. How long would he *stay* asleep?

Ben shut his eyes and clutched his hands tensely under the blankets, his lips grew dry and his forehead moist. How long had it been there? How had it come in?

He felt the wind across his face. The blanket at the end of the shed, he saw, was torn down at one side. The sharp night air filled the shed, and Ben shivered in it.

He peered into the corner where Fred lay rolled up like a mummy and soundly sleeping. If he could wake him! But what then?

They could not get away without rousing the bear. They would not dare to stir or to speak, for fear. Ben caught his breath and held it tremulously, for even now he could distinctly hear the animal stir restlessly in its slumber.

The trees kept up a whispering rustle in the wind; from a distance came the plaintive cry of an owl, and to poor Ben the sounds were ghostly.

He thought of a hundred things swiftly, as he had heard that drowning people did. If he had a gun there! He was sure he could use one *now*, though he never had. He had been begging his father for a rifle for two years. Now he would be sorry he had not let him have one.

He kept on thinking in a confused way—confused by the dreadful, chilling fear that held close possession of him. He did not think he

was a coward. He had climbed further up the rocks over by the stone-quarry than any boy in town, and he had almost drowned himself last summer helping Harry Welty when he had taken a cramp in that deep place in the river. But lying there, cold and trembling and stiff from lack of moving, with a bear, a live bear and a big one, calmly, grimly snoozing between him and the door—well, it was different.

He wondered whether his hair would be white by morning—he had heard of such things.

Would it never be morning? But oh, dear! how would that be any better? What would happen when it was? He did not dare to try to think. Was that a speck of the sky getting red from the sun? No, only a spark where the wigwam bonfire had been. Why, he could not have been asleep an hour; neither fire could have lasted longer than that.

They glimmered themselves out, even as he thought it, and left him in blank darkness.

And then at that very instant—

He could not see it move, but he could hear it—hear it stretch itself with a yawning snap of its jaws, and scramble to its feet and shake itself. He could hear it scratch at the boards of the shed once or twice; he could hear its experimental sniffs. Then he heard it stepping towards him.

Ben sat up. He did not know how he found the strength to do it, nor why, for he had no idea of attempting to fight a bear, and he did not even think of trying to run.

He grew white and faint; he felt a strange humming in his ears, but he did not know what it meant, for he had never fainted; he thought that the bear had somehow wrought his direful purpose, and that he was dying.

But he did not die, and he did not faint, either. There was a cool, damp nose thrust against his hand just at that moment, and then against his face, and a warm tongue licked his chin, and a little, sharp, joyful bark broke the stillness. The "bear" jumped into Ben's lap and rubbed his head against his shoulder and tried to burrow in under the covers. The bear was old Reg.

Well, Ben cried. He was thirteen years old, and expected to go into long trousers before another March came round, he was so tall; but he caught Reg in a strong embrace, and buried his face in his curly hair, and cried; he would have screamed if he had not.

As it was, he woke up Fred with his racket, and he set up and listened in bewilderment.

"You dear old dog!" Ben was shouting. "You *darling* old dog! Did you know I thought you were a bear, Reggy? No, you don't know it. My gracious! and you came all the way up here after me, old fellow? You couldn't stand it any longer. And I whipped you, Reggy, yes I did. Oh, goodness, I don't believe you killed that chicken! You never did such a thing before, and I don't believe it. There wasn't anything but circumstantial evidence, and I didn't investigate a bit. Crawl right in, Reggy. Isn't that warm and jolly? Oh, you good old doggie! You never killed that chicken!"

And truly, Mr. Adams stopped the boys, when they went home the next morning, with Reg close at Ben's heels, to tell them that he had good reason to think that their dog had not killed his chicken. He'd seen a hawk swoop down from that old elm there, about half an hour afterwards, and carry off a chicken right before his eyes, and he suspected that he had had that first one in his clutches, and what Reg had been after was the hawk, and the hawk had dropped the chicken. Come to think of it, those hens would not have made such a rumpus for anything *but* a hawk or a weasel.

That was his opinion, and he guessed Ben did not owe him any money. As for Ben, he *knew* he did not.

That was Ben's scare. And even now, though it was safely over long ago, he cannot go back to that frightful half-hour up there in the woods at midnight without a return of those same cold shivers.

He will help his father in the sugar-bush this year, but he will not camp out.

A Michigan paper suggests that John L. Sullivan be turned into the ring with a 4-year-old bull.





Founders of American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.  
Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,  
Secretary.

Over seven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over five hundred thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations* and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy. Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

## A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



## "CRIMINALS."

### THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

#### To the Legislature of Massachusetts.

You are asked to enact a law *that will make it a criminal offence for any man, woman, or child in Massachusetts to throw a crumb of bread to a city sparrow.*

If such a law were enacted, probably half the little girls in Boston would be liable to arrest.

You are asked to offer a liberal bounty for dead sparrows.

If this is enacted the towns about our cities will swarm with hoodlums, who will over-run other people's lands with *poison* and *shot guns*, to the great danger of both human and animal life, and perhaps result in other murders similar to that of Mr. Cunningham, at Milton. They will shoot every other bird they find as well as the Sparrows.

Whether the Sparrow does more harm than good is for you to decide.

He has lived for thousands of years all over Europe and in Asia.

The streets of European cities are full of these little scavengers, consuming immense quantities of fragments of eatables which would otherwise putrify and poison the air.

Since their arrival the trees of all our cities have been kept free from the noxious insects which covered them before—except in New York City, where since the *almost annihilation* of Sparrows in the great Blizzard of 1888, insects have again begun their ravages and have proved too numerous for the comparatively small number of Sparrows left.

I find in Chamber's Encyclopædia that in Europe "*Sparrows devour vast numbers of insects and their larvæ.*" And that in France the destruction of Sparrows was followed by an increase of Caterpillars, *vastly more injurious to Crops than the Sparrows!*

The Sparrow is no more English, than Irish, Scotch, French or German.

Every Sparrow in America was born here as were several generations of his ancestors.

He is an American Citizen, as truly as any of us.

As he lives here the year round, he does sometimes, in the Fall, take possession of vacant bird houses, and after living in them six months, naturally feels unwilling to leave,

and so defends himself and family from other birds which seek to turn him out.

If you shall decide that public safety demands his destruction, I pray that it may be done by some humane and judicious man in each town and city, and not by hoodlums, with shot guns and poisons.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

(A copy of this is sent to every member of the Massachusetts Legislature.)

### THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer TWENTY prizes of \$10 each, and FORTY prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts, by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street.

Boston, March, 1890.

### ONE THOUSAND PLACARDS FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

One thousand card placards nine inches by seven, containing the above notice, can be obtained free gratis at our office, and we are glad to send them wherever we are sure they will be properly posted.

### COMING DOWN THE NILE.

Some years ago an Englishman was coming down the river Nile, in Egypt, on a large boat loaded with grain, and the birds came off from every village and ate the grain piled on the deck. The Englishman asked the Egyptian captain of the boat "Who owns this grain?" The Egyptian captain said, "I own it." Then the Englishman asked *why he let the birds eat up the grain.* The Egyptian asked the Englishman, "Who made the birds?" The Englishman answered, "God." The Egyptian asked "*whether grain was a food which God intended birds to eat;*" the Englishman said "*it was.*" The Egyptian said "*can the birds sow and raise the grain for themselves?*" The Englishman said "*they cannot.*" Then said the Egyptian "*let them eat. God has provided enough for both them and us.*"

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

*Boston, March, 1890.*

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *one hundred and forty-nine new branches* of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*," making a total of *seven thousand four hundred and ninety-seven*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

With the aid of *Our American Humane Education Society*, we send this paper to all the editors of America, north of Mexico.

## \$3,000 IN PRIZES.

The bare cost of printing and delivering "*Our Dumb Animals*" (making no charge for office rents, clerk hire, or editorial services) is about 25 cents per year for each copy.

We spend thousands of dollars more upon it every year than we expect to get back from subscriptions.

Our object in printing it is to propagate the doctrines it teaches over this country, and so far as possible over the world.

For this purpose I offer in behalf of "*The American Humane Education Society*," to *two thousand persons residing outside the State of Massachusetts* who shall in the months of March, April and May send me *one dollar, eight copies* of "*Our Dumb Animals*" for one year; this will cost "*The American Humane Education Society*" about \$2,000 more than it will receive—and in behalf of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" I make the same offer to *one thousand persons residing in the State*.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

*President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.*

## SICKNESS.

We regret that delays in sending out this paper last month were caused by the continued sickness of our Secretary and Chief Clerk. We intend that everything shall be on time this month.

## BOSTON SCHOOLS.

We have been pleased the past month by several large orders for this paper from teachers and pupils in our public schools.

## THE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" OF THE HORSE.

For more than twenty years *this thought* has been upon my mind.

*Somebody* must write a book which shall be as widely read as "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," and shall have as widespread and powerful influence in abolishing cruelty to horses as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had on the abolition of human slavery.

Many times, by letter and word of mouth, I have called the attention of American writers to this matter and asked them to undertake it.

At last the book has come to me—not from America, but from England, where already over *ninety thousand copies* have been sold.

It was written by a woman—*Anna Sewell*.

It is the autobiography of an English horse, telling of kind masters and cruel — of happiness and of suffering. *I am glad to say that happiness predominates and finally triumphs.*

I have read each of its *two hundred and thirty-eight beautifully printed pages* from its cheerful beginning to its happy end, and then called in the printers.

Through the kind gifts of friends I am enabled to pay \$265 for having it *electrotyped*, and through the kindness of another friend am enabled to print a *first edition of ten thousand, at the marvellously low price of twelve cents each*—to which must be added, when sent by mail, *eight cents for postage, &c.*

As I have said, *over ninety thousand copies* have been already sold in England.

I want to print immediately a *hundred thousand* copies.

I want the power to give away *thousands of these to drivers of horses*—and in public schools—and elsewhere.

I want to send a copy postpaid to the editors of each of about *thirteen thousand* American newspapers and magazines.

I would be glad to have each reader of this paper, *who has ever loved or cared for a horse*, send me as large a check as he or she can afford, to be used in the distribution of this book.

Every such check will be acknowledged in "*Our Dumb Animals*" and at once passed into the treasury of our "*American Humane Education Society*" and be promptly used for the purpose for which it is sent.

I would be glad, if I had the means, to put a copy of it *in every home in America*, for I am sure there has never been a book printed in any language the reading of which will be more likely to inspire love and kind care for these dumb servants and friends who toil and die in our service. I hope to live long enough to print and distribute *a million copies*.

It will be ready for delivery about the middle of March.

THE TITLE OF THE BOOK IS  
"BLACK BEAUTY,—HIS GROOMS  
AND COMPANIONS."

BOSTON, Feb. 12, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

*President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.*

## THE \$300 PRIZE ESSAY.

The \$300 prize essay offered by our "*American Humane Education Society*" to American editors for the best essay on "*The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime*," was won, as our readers know, by *Nicholas P. Gilman*, editor of "*The Literary World*."

Two other essays—written by *Harlan H. Ballard*, President of the National Agassiz Association and editor of "*The Swiss Cross*," and *W. G. Todd*, editor of "*The Teachers' Outlook*," of Des Moines, Iowa—came very near winning it.

We have procured all three of the essays, and shall publish in part or whole before long.

We intended to publish them this month, but the sickness of both our secretary and chief clerk for several weeks causes a postponement.

## OUR MISSIONARY.

Our Missionary of the American Humane Education Society is making weekly reports of excellent work in the West, of which we shall hope to publish an abstract in next paper.

## SEEMED ALMOST PROVIDENTIAL.

On the very morning it was announced in Boston papers that *Mr. Nicholas P. Gilman*, editor of "*The Literary World*," was to receive a prize of *three hundred dollars* offered by "*Our American Humane Education Society*" for the best essay on "the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime." I found in my morning's mail a letter from a friend at Nice, France, containing a check to my order for the use of *Our American Humane Education Society* for the precise sum \$300.

The next morning I received another check from a Boston friend of *five hundred dollars* for the same Society.

There are lots of good people in this world of ours.

We propose to put another missionary of "*Our American Humane Society*" in the field before long, and as fast as our means increase, to increase the work until it shall, with the divine blessing, cover this whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## BRAZIL.

We have been gratified by the receipt of a long letter from Brazil, asking our help in the formation of Societies to protect animals in that country.

In response we have sent bound volumes of this paper, and a large package of condensed information and other humane publications.

*Our American Humane Education Society* has not at present funds to cover both continents, but we hope it may have—and every check helps.



## PROSECUTING OFFICERS.

Our Boston Agents since last report have investigated three hundred and fifty-one cases, and our Country Agents four hundred and forty-five cases. Forty of these cases have been prosecuted.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The business of these offices is now so large that I can personally answer only a small part of the letters which come to me, or see the answers sent.

But as it is an invariable rule—as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians—that every person coming to these offices shall receive prompt, kind, and courteous attention, and go away pleased if possible, so is it a similar rule that every letter shall receive a prompt, kind, and courteous answer, and I shall always consider it a favor if the receiver of any unsatisfactory letter will re-enclose it to me, and write again, giving full post office address, town, or city, and State.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

## A KIND LETTER.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 20, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL,

I wish to be among the first to send you an Easter Egg.

Please find enclosed my check for one hundred dollars.

I would be glad if it would hatch out \$100,000 for your noble work of humane education.

I thank God for the beautiful example you give us.

Respectfully yours,

A. CHAMPLIN.

## PLEASANT LETTER.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 3, 1890.

Will you do me the favor to use the enclosed twenty dollars for the distribution of your admirable pamphlet on the check-rein. A friend said to me recently, "Ever since I read Mr. Angell's tract on the check-rein, I never see a horse with a tight check-rein without fully understanding how the animal suffers."

I have known several other instances where much good has resulted from its perusal. God bless your grand Society.

With sincere regards,

## THE BOSTON GLOBE.

Isn't the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals straying a little outside of its province? It has petitioned the Legislature for a more stringent law against "such outrages as the recent killing of Edward Cunningham of Milton." To be sure, Edward Cunningham was an animal, but who supposed that human animals were within the purview of the Society with a long name?—*Boston Globe*, January 28, 1890.

We think we can satisfy any intelligent inquirer that there are no two charitable societies in Massachusetts today doing more for the human race than our American Humane Education Society, and our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

In the particular case mentioned above we are seeking the protection of our small birds by making it dangerous to go on another man's land with firearms, without permission, for the purpose of shooting.—EDITOR.

## TACOMA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

We are glad to learn of the formation of a Humane Society, and the enactment of strong laws to prevent cruelty to animals in Tacoma.

Mr. Wm. H. Bradley of Milwaukee is very actively at work forming Bands of Mercy in that city.

## WILLS.

To those who wish to remember in their wills either our "American Humane Education Society" or "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," we would say that the Trustees of the Permanent Funds of these Societies have a box in the Union Safe Deposit Vaults, State Street, as has also the undersigned, where such wills can be preserved.

To guard against accident I recommend all wills be executed in duplicate or triplicate, and so kept in different places.

After a will is made it is very little cost or trouble to make one or two copies, and execute all at the same time with same witnesses, and in the last clause of each, write that it is executed in duplicate or triplicate, as the case may be.

All persons wishing to give property by will to either of the above Societies can have wills written without charge by applying to

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## PRAISE.

While most workers in new channels of reform get little approbation until they die, it is our good fortune to receive almost daily kind letters and kind notices from the public press.

Among these we are particularly pleased to find the following in the beautiful [February] "Horse World" of Buffalo:—

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which Mr. Geo. T. Angell is the indefatigable President, has done a great deal of good work in behalf of the horse, as well as of animals in general, during the past year. The energy displayed by this Society can justly be held up as an example for others to follow. It obtained from the Massachusetts Legislature the first law ever passed in the world to punish the torture of horses by docking. It obtained authority to offer prizes for the encouragement of kindness to the scholars in the twelve hundred public schools, and also the Roman Catholic schools, which plan is now being carried out. It organized a Band of Mercy among the Boston coachmen, which has already over four hundred and fifty members. The Society has also erected a public drinking fountain in Custom House Square, at which, on one of the coldest days of last winter, five hundred and eighty-three horses drank. The Society has distributed during the year a vast amount of humane literature, and obtained in Massachusetts a charter for The American Humane Education Society, which is doing work all over the country. The results accomplished by the Massachusetts Society demonstrate what one can do who has his whole heart in his work and the courage to cope with obstacles that arise in the face of all reforms.

[The numerous fountains for animals in Boston all owe their erection directly, or indirectly, to the Massachusetts Society. When the Society was founded there was not to my knowledge a single public drinking fountain for animals in the City of Boston.—EDITOR.]

## TO PREVENT BURIAL ALIVE.

The father of the editor of this paper was pronounced by his physician dead, and preparations for his funeral had been made, when he regained consciousness and lived several years.

While we know that newspaper prescriptions are not always reliable yet as this paper goes to every doctor in Massachusetts, we think it well to give the following from a physician.

If not correct will some physician write us what test he considers more reliable.

"When I arrived the man had been dead twenty-four hours. I impelled a jury; the family of the deceased testified to the extent of their knowledge; but I was unable to find he had any disease sufficient to kill him. I looked at the body, and examined it carefully. Then I lighted a match and applied it to the end of one of the fingers of the corpse. Immediately a blister formed. I had the man put back into his bed, applied various restoratives and today he is alive and well."

That is the test. Do you see the philosophy of it? If you are alive you cannot burn your hand without raising a blister. Nature, in the effort to protect the inner tissues, throws a covering of water, a non-conductor of heat, between the fire and the flesh. If you were dead, and flame should come in contact with any part of your body, no blister would appear, and the flesh would be burned.

All you have to do is to apply a match to any part of the supposed corpse. If life remains, however little, a blister will at once form.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.  
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.  
HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, Treasurer.  
(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

## THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, March, 1889, with power to hold half a million dollars free from taxation.

Its objects are to establish Humane Societies for the protection of dumb animals and human beings all over this continent, and to carry humane education into every American school and home. For what it is doing and has already done write Geo. T. Angell, President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to property valued at over three thousand dollars given by its President to its permanent fund, it has received the following up to February 20, 1890.

Mrs. William Appleton, \$1,000; A Friend, \$1,000; A. E. H., \$300; Mrs. George Dickinson, \$500; Miss Georgiana Kendall, \$205; Mrs. J. H. French, \$100; Philip G. Peabody, \$10; Mary F. Metcalf, \$5; Ellen Snow, \$5; Mrs. A. G. R. Champlin, \$50; S. R. U., \$25; E. Cavazza, \$5; Charles F. Clark, \$50; A. W., \$100; H. O. H., \$100; Mrs. Charles E. De Wolf, \$50; Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe, \$100; Mrs. B. S. Rotch, \$100; H. E. Sargent, \$5; Charles W. Parker, \$10; The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, \$10; Coachmen's Benevolent Association, \$20; Sophia M. Hale, \$5; Wm. R. Robeson, \$100; Miss S. R. Kendall, \$50; Miss C. C. Kendall, \$50; Mrs. John W. James, \$5; Mrs. Edward Bringhurst, \$5; M. F., \$100; Mrs. Anna E. McIntyre, \$5; W. F. Stearns, \$5; Mrs. Sarah B. Cone, \$25; Dr. H. M. Field, \$5; Mrs. Annie E. Lowry, \$100; S. B. F., \$200; Mrs. C. A. L. Sibbey, \$200; Miss Veronica Dwight, \$5; Miss Cora H. Clarke, \$5; Wm. G. Means, \$50; Miss A. G. Tappan, \$5; Louis Prang, \$25; Mrs. F. B. Powell, \$5; A Friend, \$150; Philip G. Peabody, \$25; Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, \$200; Mrs. S. W. Vanderbilt, \$60; A Western Friend, \$500; A Boston Friend, \$150; A New York Friend, \$25; Miss A. D. Fogg, \$50; A N. Y. Friend, \$50; A New York Lady, \$163; Mrs. E. M. Bowen, \$5; O. M. F., \$105; Mrs. E. Philips, England, \$25; Mrs. Dwight, Boston, \$10; Miss Bartol, Boston, \$20; A Rhode Island Lady, \$200; Two New York Ladies, \$50; Friends in New York, \$32.50; Jos. B. Glover, \$50; Mrs. Cleveland, N. Y., by G. K., \$100; Mrs. A. L. Lowry, Philadelphia, \$75; Miss S. K. Davidson, \$50; Alfred A. H. Meredith, Milton, Mass., \$50; J. H. F., Wisconsin, \$100; Miss E. T. Philadelphia, \$50; Mrs. A. E. Harris, \$300; B. S., Boston, \$500; N. Y. Friend, \$20; Mrs. N. Thayer, Sr., \$50; A R. I. Friend, \$100; Mrs. David Nevins, \$50; Mrs. B. S. Rotch, \$50; Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, \$10; J. Murray Forbes, \$10; Mrs. D. D. Slade, \$5; Mrs. Wm. Appleton, \$200; Russell Sturges, \$20.  
Total, \$8,365.50.

## A COLLEGE FIGHT.

A telegram to *Boston Globe* Feb. 22d gives an account of a fight between about two hundred Sophomores and Freshmen of Wabash College, Indiana.

The police were powerless. The President of the College severely injured—Freshmen were thrown down from a building ten feet. One man's arm was broken, another put out of joint, and many wounds inflicted.

These are the young gentlemen who are preparing to sit in Congress twenty years hence.

There is a vast field in American Colleges for "Our American Humane Education Society."

## PHILADELPHIA.—THE STATE SOCIETY.

The 22nd annual report of the Pennsylvania Society P. C. A. shows (11,829) complaints investigated and (227) prosecuted—receipts from legacies and otherwise \$24,133.03—expenses about \$14,000. President, *Robert W. Ryerss*, Secretary, *M. V. B. Davies*. With this State Society and "The Woman's Branch," and the *Anti-vivisection Society*, Animals ought to be pretty well taken care of in Philadelphia.

## PHILADELPHIA.

The Annual Report of "The Women's Branch, Pennsylvania Society P. C. A.", shows 5,231 complaints of cruelty remedied without prosecution—198 prosecuted—1,127 animals taken from labor—148 horses and mules, and 5,399 dogs killed—a fountain to Henry Bergh begun—permanent fund receipts \$30,367.34—general fund receipts \$4,693. President, Mrs. Richard P. White; Treasurer, Mrs. Craig Ritchie; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Robert W. Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George McLellan. This Society certainly seems to be one of the most active in America.

The Annual Report of the "American Anti-Vivisection Society," received on the same day, shows good work in lectures and distribution of humane literature during the year. Receipts \$1,674.70; Expenses \$871.39. Wm. R. D. Blackwood, M.D., President; Stephen Farrelly, Treasurer; Miss Adele Biddle, Secretary; Mrs. Richard P. White, Corresponding Secretary. Both the above Societies number in their lists of officers many influential names.

## PHILADELPHIA PIGEON SHOOTERS.

We are glad to learn that The Women's Branch of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. has obtained a decision that pigeon shooting from traps for sport is illegal. The "Women's Branch" seems to be a very active, lively branch. The President's son, Thos. Earle White, Esq., was counsel in the case.

## A DESERVED PUNISHMENT.

The *Chillicothe* (Ohio) *News* of last week relates the following:

"When No. 6, eastbound Scioto Valley passenger train left Columbus last night, in the ladies coach were seated three Sisters of Charity. Around the stove were standing a loud gabbling crowd of college students, and a short flashy looking fellow with a loud, vulgar mouth. A few seats away sat a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, who attracted no attention. When the conductor passed through collecting fares, he passed the Sisters without asking for their pass or fare for the moment. One of these quickly rose, followed him and presented their credentials, which the conductor punched and passed out of the car. As soon as he was out of hearing, the flashy chap, leering at the college boys for approval, made a vile, sneering, brutal remark about the three Sisters, too low to repeat, but loud enough to shock all the ladies within hearing. Quick as if shot the quiet gentleman arose, revealing a well-knit frame, and with a quick stride demanded sternly: 'What was that remark you made of those ladies?' 'What the h—! is that to you?' and the fellow drew back his fist to pass a blow. 'It's a lot to me!' and like a flash a hard brown fist shot out, and down went the blackguard crashing six feet down the aisle. The conductor hurrying back, marched the discomfited churl from the car, and the ladies thanked the quiet man with much feeling, making him blush like a girl. The three Sisters who, of course, could say nothing, sat silent spectators of their defender's manly act, with the tears running down their cheeks."

[We regret the *News* did not give us the name of the man. He deserves the thanks of every honest American citizen, and we will not be surprised to discover that he served his country well and nobly in the days of her trouble, and learned to love the good Sisters for their heroic deeds of charity witnessed by him on many a battle-field.]—*Catholic Weekly*.

The natural cunning of the fox was shown at New Ipswich, N. H. A fox that was started by a hunter ran directly to a pond and passed around the edge on the ice as near the open water as possible. The dogs followed closely, and, coming upon weak ice, broke through, and but for help given them would have drowned. Meantime Reynard escaped to a place of safety. —*Boston Transcript*.

## "THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

The women of Columbus, Mississippi, strewed flowers on the graves of both Northern and Southern dead.

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,—  
Under the one, the Blue;  
Under the other, the Gray.

Those in the robes of glory;  
These in the gloom of defeat:  
All with the battle-blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet.  
Under the sod and the dew  
Waiting the judgment day,—  
Under the laurel, the Blue;  
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,—  
Under the roses, the Blue;  
Under the lillies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor  
The morning sun-rays fall;  
With a touch impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,—  
Broidered with gold, the Blue,  
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,—  
Wet with the rain, the Blue,  
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done;  
In the storm of the years that are fading  
No braver battle was won.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,—  
Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
Under the garlands, the Gray.  
No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Nor the winding river be red;  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,—  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

—FRANCIS M. FINCH.

## KEEP STILL.

In one of Dr. Burton's Yale lectures the following advice was given to the young ministers: "When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mid-fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability."

## AMONG THE LIFE-SAVERS.

In the lord mayor's show at London, on Nov. 9, among the life-savers, marched in full equality of achievement the dog that recently rescued, at Rochdale, three little children from a burning house.—*English Paper*.

## THE HORSE AND MUSIC.

Just at that moment, before any of them had begun to talk, every ear caught the pleasant musical sound of little bells ringing. It was no regular tune, but a delicious melody in that soft, sunshiny air, which was filled at the same time with the song of birds. Angela had heard all kinds of music in London, but this was unlike anything she had heard before, so soft, and sweet, and gladsome! On it came, ringing, ringing as softly as flowing water. The boys and grandfather knew what it meant. Now it was in sight!—the farm team going to the mill with sacks of corn to be ground, each horse with a little string of bells to its harness. On they came, the handsome, well-cared-for creatures, nodding their heads as they stepped along; and at every step the cheerful and cheering melody rang out.

"Do all horses down here have bells?" asked Angela.

"By no means," replied her grandfather; "formerly they were general, but they are some expense, and therefore they have been discontinued. But if we can make labor easier to a horse by giving him a little music, which he loves, I think the saving is in doing so. He is less worn by his work, and that is a saving worth thinking of. A horse is a generous, noble-spirited animal, and not without intellect either; therefore he is capable of such enjoyment as music can give. We all know that music stimulates to exertion, as well as soothes the weary. Soldiers, as Willie says, march to music. If bands of work-people, either at field labor, or at any general handicraft work, sing in chorus, the labor is lightened and the mind cheered. Buffon says that even sheep fatten better to the sound of music; but whether it be so or not I cannot tell."—*Mrs. Howitt*.

## A NORWEGIAN JUDGMENT.

A dog who had been run over by a carriage crawled to the door of a tanner in the town of Abo; the man's son, a boy fifteen years of age, first stoned and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the suffering animal. This act was witnessed by one of the magistrates, and the cruel lad was condemned by the Board of Magistrates of that town to the following punishment: He was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence: "Inhuman young man, because you did not assist an animal who implored your aid by its cries, and who derives being from the same God who gave you life; because you added to the torture of the agonized beast and cruelly murdered it, the council of the city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes from the executioner." Were such examples made in our courts, of juvenile cruelty, we should have fewer cases of savage wife-beating, and of the daily conflicts of brutalized men, such as occupy the time of our magistrates and fill our police reports.

## A FAITHFUL BRUTE COMPANION.

About 10 o'clock last night, as Officer Maloy of Station 2, Cambridge, was patrolling Main Street, he sighted a man resting against a building for support. Approaching him, he found that he was badly intoxicated, and at his feet lay his faithful English bull-terrier. The officer took the drunk in tow and conducted him to Station 2, the dog, meanwhile, following close to his master. He was consigned to a cell and the dog accompanied him. The inebriate threw himself upon the bunk and the dog jumped up and took a position at his head, guarding him zealously, and from time to time tenderly licked his face. It was another instance of the proverbial faithfulness of canines.—*Boston Herald*, Jan 14th.



## DOGS AT THE STATE HOUSE.

I have, during the past twenty years, been called many times to the State House to defend our Massachusetts dogs, but have never witnessed a more fierce onslaught upon these faithful friends than that which occupied the attention of the Joint Committee on Agriculture, on Feb. 19th and 20th.

A call having appeared in Boston papers for all who were in favor of muzzling *all the dogs of the Commonwealth the entire year*, to come up to the State House and advocate such a law, the Committee room was literally packed with these unfortunate people.

A hearing of the other side has been appointed for Feb. 26th.

Every city and town has under existing laws the right to regulate this matter for itself.

We do not believe the Legislature will enact a law compelling every Massachusetts citizen to buy a muzzle for his dog, which will render him utterly useless as against foxes, woodchucks, chicken thieves, tramps and burglars; and utterly incompetent to save a child from drowning; or to protect a farmer's sheep.

The city of Boston has nearly one-quarter the population of the whole State. No sheep are kept here, and probably most Boston dogs never saw a sheep. A careful examination at our City Registrar's office, where the causes of all deaths must be recorded, shows in *forty years, from 1849 to 1890, just seven deaths reported as being caused by hydrophobia.*

Everybody in Massachusetts can practise as a doctor, and whether the doctors who reported in the past forty years these seven cases were competent to judge, I do not know.

The last death reported was in 1879, *over ten years ago.*

Of course, if all the dogs of Boston were muzzled, no expressman, or delivery driver, or milkman could use a dog, as now, to protect his wagon, nor any gentleman to protect his carriage.

The muzzle must be put on every time the dog goes out, and doors must be closely watched to see that he does not get outside without it.

I have had my officers investigate in past years many alleged cases of hydrophobia, without finding in a single instance any good foundation.

I have in my possession reports of various other cases investigated by other persons, with the same result.

Many of our most eminent physicians say that cases are so rare as to make it fairly an open question whether hydrophobia is anything more than a disease of the imagination.

I shall show the committee at the hearing that probably not one person in fifty bitten by so-called mad dogs ever died of the disease.

The *Pennsylvania State Medical Association* recently appointed a commission to investigate it. The report closes with the statement that the disease was unknown the previous year in Pennsylvania, and that a belief in it would probably follow the belief in witchcraft.

*It is a terrible pity that sick dogs charged with having this disease have been invariably shot, when, if permitted to live, they would*

*have saved the lives of people who have died from fright.*

"Cursed be the muzzle," writes the French Secretary of *The Board of Health of Paris*,—"it arrests free perspiration through the tongue—prevents the dog from drinking when he otherwise would—renders him helpless against fleas and other insects—and subjects him to attack without means of defence."

In the April number of this paper I shall hope to show more fully the folly of this crusade against this faithful friend and companion, whom the great Cuvier declared to be the most useful conquest ever made in the animal world by man.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

*President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.*

At a gathering of lawyers, were toasted "The Bench and the Bar—If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench."



(Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Far on the Northern Land, by the Wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand, tamed the ger falcon."

(From Longfellow's *Skeleton in Armour*.)

## OUR FRIEND THE DOG.

*The present dog law, if intelligently enforced, placing the damages done to sheep on the owner of the dog, will put an end to the senseless howl for the suppression of the entire race of noble brutes. Not one dog in a thousand will kill sheep, and a law that shall speedily tend to weed out the vicious animals is all that is desired. This damning of a whole race for the viciousness of the few should not be indulged against our friend the dog, who mutely teaches us faithfulness to a trust when he willingly lays down his life in the service of his master!—Turner's Falls Reporter.*

### DOG TRIED TO SAVE HIS YOUNG MASTER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27. William MacFarland, Jr., the youngest son of William MacFarland of the law firm of Tracy, MacFarland, Boardman & Platt was drowned while skating on a pond on Staten Island, Saturday evening. His body was recovered yesterday. Near by was found the body of MacFarland's St. Bernard dog, and there were evidences that he had tried to save his master, but had broken through the ice and was also drowned.—*Boston Transcript*, Jan. 27, 1890.

The loyalty of the dumb brutes receives a fresh illustration in an incident on Staten Island the other day. A boy was found to have been drowned in a pond where he had been skating the day before. Near him was found the dead body of his St. Bernard dog, which had run to his master's assistance and lost his own life in trying to rescue his master.—*Boston Herald*, Jan. 27, 1890.

## NOT TALL ENOUGH.

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep abroad that Germany was meditating fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland, a Dutch official of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin, where he was handsomely entertained. Among other spectacles got up to amuse him a review was organized at Postdam.

"What does your excellency think of our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismark, as one of the regiments came marching past in admirable order.

"They look as if they knew how to fight," replied the visitor, gravely, "but they are not quite tall enough."

The Prince looked rather surprised at this disparaging criticism. He made no answer, however, and several other regiments filed past in succession; but the Dutchman's verdict upon each and all was still the same: "Not tall enough."

At length the grenadiers of the guard made their appearance—a magnificent body of veterans, big and stalwart enough to have satisfied even the giant loving father of Frederick the Great; but the inexorable critic merely said, "Fine soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then Prince Bismark fairly lost patience, and rejoined, somewhat sharply, "These grenadiers are the finest men in our whole army; may I ask what your excellency is pleased to mean by saying that they are not tall enough?"

The Dutchman looked him full in the face, and replied with significant emphasis, "I mean that we can flood our country twelve feet deep."—*London Tid Bits.*

## HOW CAN BOYS AND GIRLS DO GOOD TO ANIMALS?

There is probably no one of you boys and girls who read this who may not, if you will, do some kindness to animals. Every month after you have read this paper yourselves let your playmates read it, and you will thus be teaching them to love the beautiful creatures God has given us, and loving them to love Him who made them.

When you see boys robbing birds' nests or stoning birds, or squirrels, or other harmless animals, or shooting them, or catching, destroying or tormenting them, tell such boys that all these have their mates and companions just as we have, and feel pain as we do, and are perhaps as fond of life and liberty as we are, and were all created and put here for useful purposes, and ask them what fun there can be in killing or wounding them or making them suffer. Ask them whether it is brave to torment the weak, whether it would not be nobler and more honorable to protect, and more pleasing to our Father in Heaven, who created and cares for them all? And the larger animals, you will have many chances of doing them good. Feed them, give them water, speak kindly to them, try to make them happy, and see how grateful they will be, and how much they will love you for it, and how happy it will make you to see them happy. My young friends, every kind act you can do for the weak and defenceless, and every kind word you say to them, will make you happier, nobler, and better; all good people will love you and respect you the more for it, and as your bodies grow your hearts will grow larger and richer, to bless the world.—*GEO. T. ANGELL.*

## "VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends Altogether on how you look at id, mine friends. Like those double-horse teams dot you see at der races, Id depends pooty moom on der pair in der traces; Eef they don't pull togedder right off at der start, Ten dimes out of nine they vas beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine, Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean. Dhen she say: "Mr. Strauss, shust come hear, eef you bleaze."

Und she dake me where Yawcob und leedle Loweeze By dher shnug trundle-bed vast shust saying dher brayer, Und she say, mit a smile: "Vas der some failures dher?" —*YAWCOW STRAUSS, in the Boston Pilot.*

## THE GRATITUDE OF A WILD ANIMAL.

[From "The Atlantic Constitution."]

The other morning keeper Havens, performed a very delicate operation.

The lioness Mollie, chewed up a piece of raw beef, which the butcher had chopped up with a cleaver, leaving some fragments of bone in the flesh. A large sliver of bone pierced the lioness' gum on the outside of the jaw, next to the cheek, just below the left eye.

The place swelled and festered, and the animal suffered a great deal of pain, and she was unable to eat.

Yesterday morning keeper Havens went to the cage, and by coaxing the lioness he got her to lie down, and he then slipped ropes over her fore feet, stretching them to either side of the cage and tying them securely.

Mollie kicked and struggled until the keeper fondled her awhile. After she was secured he entered the cage all alone, and taking her head between his knees, he cut a small incision in the cheek, and drew out the sliver, an inch in length.

He did the work all alone.

Yesterday afternoon, after she had been released several hours, he visited the cage, and she met him with a gratified look, holding the wound up to the bars of the cage as if she were glad that he had performed the operation that relieved her, and she appeared as docile and kindly as a kitten, although she had been fierce and resentful before.

## HORSES IN DARK STABLES.

The pupil of a horse's eye is enlarged by being kept in a dark stable; he has a harness put on him and is suddenly brought out into glaring sunlight, which contracts the pupil so suddenly as to cause extreme pain. By persevering in this very foolish and injudicious, as well as cruel practice, the nerve of the eye becomes impaired, and if continued long enough loss of sight will ensue. To see how painful it is to face a bright light after having been in the dark, take a walk some dark night for a short time till the eyes become used to the darkness, then drop suddenly into some well-lighted room, and you will scarcely be able to see for a few moments in the sudden light. You know how painful it is to yourself, then why have your horses to repeatedly bear such unnecessary pain? asks *Field and Farm.*

## WAR.

A regiment in motion and the rattle of a drum

With a rat, tat, tat! and rat, tat, tum!

Fear is on the face of some,  
Others stepping with aplomb,  
And steady is the platter and the clatter of the drum.

Sweeping lines of evolution, fast the wheeling columns come,

And a thousand men are stepping to the Tapping of the drum:

There are countenances glum,  
There are senses dull and numb,  
But a boy is stepping proudly: He is playing on the drum.

The rage and roar of battle, and the rattle of a drum,

The shrapnel shot are flying with a zip! and a zum!

Cruel shells exploding come,  
And the bullets hiss and hum,  
But the drum still echoes loudly: will the thing be never mum?

Darkness on the field of battle, where the body seekers come;  
The storm of death is ended and displayed the struggle's sum.

A pallid face, a drum;  
There is blood, and both are dumb;  
A story of a drummer and a story of a drum.

—*Chicago Mail.*

The Angel of Mercy passeth by on the other side and hath no tears to shed when the cruel man dies.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## FOR A DUMB ANIMAL ENTERTAINMENT.

Enter a little girl fondling a small kitten.

My dear little kitty

I know it's a pity

To show you in public just now,

But you are so clever

I long more than ever

To give you a squeeze—(Meow! by the girl.)

Ah! well I remember

The day in December,

I found you far up in the mow,

With three little others

I knew were your brothers

By their sweet, tender voices.—(Meow! Meow! Meow! by three small girls.)

Clear, sparkling cold water

For son or for daughter

Is good we all must allow,

But to drown their sad crying

And leave them all dying

Brings tears to my eyes.—(Meow! Meow! Meow! in stifled tones.)

I'll save you, my jewel,

From torture so cruel,

By some means, I cannot tell how,

I know there is danger

From each tabby stranger,

Who prowls about howling.—(Meow! etc., deep voice.)

Now kitty, we're going

And let us be showing

Politeness to all by "good night," and a bow,

And instead of the singing

You will now hear the ringing

Of voices of children, like cats in a row.—(Meow! Meow! by all the class.)

## GOVERNOR SEYMOUR OF NEW YORK.

A most interesting method of tempting the winter birds to come freely and linger about our houses was put in practice by the late Horatio Seymour, a man who was in the most intimate harmony with all bird and wild life. A few weeks after his long presidential contest with General Grant, which ended in the election of the latter, the writer walked one cold winter morning from Utica to Mr. Seymour's rural home, a low cottage fronting a magnificent view of the Mohawk valley, and nestling in the embrace of a primeval forest,—a woodland full of animal life, a resting-place often sought by the owner, who was weary of political life, although it had given him many honors.

Mr. Seymour, then a venerable man, was sitting at a large plate-glass window, surrounded by books on ornithology, and engrossingly occupied in studying the birds that flitted from the forest to a huge cherry-tree before the door, where a net of wire held a store of fat suet,—a food rich in cold-resisting carbon, and as tempting to the half-chilled birds as tallow candles are said to be to the shivering Eskimo.

Before the writer's window come a hungry troop to swing on the vines, as they await their turns, and a merry scene they make when the sky is dark and the trees are bowed low with snow and ice. Not often, but occasionally, a pair of golden-crested wrens flit from the storm to the window to peck a meal from frozen fat, and delight us with a beauty that seems too frail to brave the lightest snow-flake; but they are happy beyond belief, singing merrily even when the mercury is below zero and arctic gales bend the trees.

If each kind-hearted little Agassiz and Audubon will try this simple experiment, he will cheer the life of many a bird, and find a new companionship in nature that will make winter life less wintry.

—*L. W. LEDYARD, in Swiss Cross.*

## ABOUT CHILDREN.

It is a common occurrence for children to get beans, grains of corn and other foreign substances up their noses. This simple remedy is worth remembering: Get the child to open its mouth, apply your mouth to it and blow hard. The offending substance will be expelled.



## THE DOG.

I think every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. All unite upon Rover. And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, and is always ready for a bit of fun.—*Spare Hours.*

We take the following from M. Blaze's History of the Dog:—

*"Where will you find a man always grateful, always affectionate, never selfish, pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility, forgetful of injuries, and mindful only of benefits received? Seek him not; it would be a useless task; but take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master, you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you, but he will not abandon you to follow a king to his palace. Your friends may quit you in misfortune, but your dog will remain; he will die at your feet; or, if you depart before him on the great voyage, will accompany you to your last abode."*

## A DOG SAVES SIX LIVES.

HE ALARMS THE OCCUPANTS OF A BURNING BUILDING.

A big Newfoundland dog has saved six lives in Allegheny City, Penn. The dog belonged to F. D. King, and was asleep in one of the kitchens in the rear of the Boyle business block. King was awakened by the animal's barking. Repeated efforts to quiet the brute failed, and looking out of the window, King discovered that the Boyle building was in flames. He gave the alarm, and Henry Arnfeld, the janitor, heard it. Then the men started to arouse the families on the third and fourth floors. Thomas Graham and wife, Mrs. Ritchey and daughter, and Janitor Arnfeld's wife were gotten out of the already smoking rooms in the nick of time. They were hustled into the bitter cold night in their night clothes just as the firemen rushed up stairs with the hose. The dog had saved six lives and to-day was the hero of Boyle's Block.—*Ashland Item*, Jan. 25, 1890.

## PER PACEM AD DUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load;  
I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.  
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead;  
Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter and though heart  
should bleed—  
Through Peace to Light.  
I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread  
Without a fear.  
I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,  
And follow Thee.  
Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night;  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine—  
Through Peace to Light.

—Holy Family.

The life of a true man cannot be a life of mere pleasure; it must be, above all things, a life of duty.



WINTER IN BOSTON — AS IT USED TO BE.

## ONE WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

Some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded wagons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests, that they would be more gentle with their beasts.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work and they were ashamed too, and set to work levelling the hill, and re-opening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful, that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which bought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overloaded horses from falling, and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness the end of which no one can tell.—REV. F. M. TODD, Manasses, Virginia.

## CHICKADEE.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,  
And two little sisters were busy at play;  
A snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,  
And merrily singing chick-a-dee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long,  
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song,  
"Oh, sister, look out of the window," said she,  
"A little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee."

Oh, mother, do find him some stockings and shoes,  
A frock and a hat, too, or as he may choose,  
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see—  
We'd warm him while singing chick-a-dee-dee."

"There's One," said the birdie, "I cannot tell who,  
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too,  
He careth for you and He careth for me"—  
And off he went singing chick-a-dee-dee.

## A WISE RULE.

Among the rules of a New York livery stable where the animals of many wealthy men are kept, are the following: "No man will be employed who drinks intoxicating liquors. No man shall speak loud to any of the horses, or in the stable where they are. Horses of good blood are nervous, and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse who hears it, and keeps them all nervous and uneasy. No man shall use profane language in the hearing of horses."

"Boys—boys!" exclaimed an aged grandmother, "I would not slide down those banisters—I would not do it." "Why, grandmother, you couldn't!" said little Charlie disdainfully, as he picked himself up from the hall floor.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE HONEST OLD TOAD.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,  
A funny old fellow is he;  
Living under the stone by the side of the road,  
'Neath the shade of the old willow tree.  
He is dressed all in brown from his toe to his crown,  
Save his vest, that is silvery white.  
He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,  
And walks in the cool, dewy night.  
"Raup, yaup," says the frog,  
From his home in the bog,  
But the toad he says never a word;  
He tries to be good, like the children who should  
Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bed,  
And sleeps just as sound as a top.  
But when May blossoms follow soft April showers,  
He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop;  
He changes his dress only once, I confess,—  
Every spring; and his old worn-out coat,  
With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball,  
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.  
"K-rruk, k-rruk," says the frog,  
From his home in the bog;  
But the toad he says never a word.  
He tries to be good, like the children who should  
Be seen, but never be heard.

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 7349 Brookline, Mass.  
Brookline Friendly Band.  
P., Mrs. T. H. Tyndale.
- 7350 Brookhaven, Mass.  
P., W. H. H. Brooks.  
S., Alexander Evans.
- 7351 Indianapolis, Ind.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., J. E. Heller.
- 7351a Boston, Mass.  
Parmenter St. Chapel Band.  
P., Rosa Price.
- 7352 Northampton, Mass.  
P., Miss Jennie M. Hackett.
- 7353 Syracuse, N. Y.  
St. Mark's Band.  
P., Ezechiel W. Mundy.
- 7354 Archdale, N. C.  
P., Miss Retic English.
- 7355 Port Royal, S. C.  
Whitney School Band.  
P., Mr. I. H. Smith.
- 7356 The Little Workers Band.  
P., Miss Elizabeth Hyde  
Botume.
- 7357 Marion, Ind.  
P., Mrs. Melcher.
- 7358 Roxbury, Mass.  
P., Hugh Doherty.
- 7359 W. Winsted, Conn.  
The Star Band.  
P., Sam'l Lincoln.
- 7360 Greenfield, Ind.  
Rose Bud Band.  
P., Lizzie Harris.
- 7361 Pansy Band.  
P., Cola Gray.
- 7362 Canary Band.  
P., Mrs. J. V. Martin.
- 7363 Sunshine Band.  
P., Ida Grey.
- 7364 Washington Band.  
P., Emma Barnell.
- 7365 Golden Rule Band.  
P., W. B. Battisford.
- 7366 Lily Band.  
P., G. S. Wilson.
- 7367 I'll Try Band.  
P., P. H. D. Barrett.
- 7368 Daisy Band.  
P., Iola Coffin.
- 7369 Longfellow Band.  
P., Hattie Rains.
- 7370 Red Bird Band.  
P., Lula Dove.
- 7371 Fairland, Ind.  
Lincoln Band.  
P., Rose C. Grossglass.
- 7372 Sunlight Band.  
P., Sallie V. Boone.
- 7373 Longfellow Band.  
P., C. W. Clendenning.
- 7374 Franklin, Ind.  
Willing Workers Band.  
P., Grace P. Briggs.
- 7375 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Jennie Dunlap.
- 7376 I'll Try Band.  
P., Jennie Thompson.
- 7377 Sunshine Band.  
P., Ric A. Dimcan.
- 7378 Robin Band.  
P., Alice Crowell.
- 7379 Bluebird Band.  
P., Idella Abil.
- 7380 Rose Band.  
P., Hurd Polasky.
- 7381 Busy Bees Band.  
P., Augusta White.
- 7382 Star Band.  
P., Allie Franks.
- 7383 Lincoln Band.  
P., C. A. Jackson.

- 7384 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Alice M. Parsons.
- 7385 Pansy Band.  
P., Clara F. Hannaman.
- 7386 Whittier Band.  
P., Kittie E. Palmer.
- 7387 Shelbyville, Ind.  
Blue Bird Band.  
P., Maggie Kennedy.
- 7388 Red Bird Band.  
P., Nettie Shane.
- 7389 Yellow Hammer Band.  
P., Carrie Powell.
- 7390 Washington Band.  
P., Nellie Ray.
- 7391 Whittier Band.  
P., Anna Caruthers.
- 7392 Lily Band.  
P., Rose E. Willard.
- 7393 Longfellow Band.  
P., S. Wilson.
- 7394 Rose Bud Band.  
P., Mary H. Sadler.
- 7395 Lily of the Valley  
P., Helena Spicer.
- 7396 Pink Band.  
P., Helen Bensfril.
- 7397 Canary Band.  
P., Flora Blair.
- 7398 G. T. Angell Band.  
P., Ida A. Lewis.
- 7399 Louise M. Alcott Band.  
P., Mary Jones.
- 7400 Sunshine Band.  
P., A. H. Gove.
- 7401 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Carrie Robertson.
- 7402 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Eva H. Stoddard.
- 7403 Geranium Band.  
P., William T. Anderson.
- 7404 Busy Bees Band.  
P., Mattie Owens.
- 7405 Harrisburg, Pa.  
Capital City Band.  
P., F. D. Kilgore.
- 7406 Redwood Falls, Minn.  
Little Corporals Band.  
P., Jennie L. Carter.
- 7407 Evanston, Ill.  
Champion Band.  
P., George Bryant.  
S., W. R. Taylor.
- 7408 Greenville, Miss.  
P., Miss Susie P. Trigg.
- 7409 Jamaica Plain, Mass.  
P., Joseph Lynch.
- 7410 China, Me.  
China Loyal Band.  
P., A. S. Foster.
- 7411 Dorchester, Mass.  
The Boys and Girls Band.  
P., Annie B. Drowne.
- 7412 Kansas City, Mo.  
P., Miss Bettie Yantis.
- 7413 New Haven, Conn.  
Rising Sun Band.  
P., Mrs. J. H. Leeds.  
S., Arthur Lovell.
- 7414 Marion, Ind.  
P., Mrs. F. I. Melcher.  
S., Mrs. A. A. Stubbins.
- 7415 Syracuse, N. Y.  
P., Mrs. F. R. Hazard.
- 7416 Syracuse, N. Y.  
P., Wm. Porter.
- 7417 Dorchester, Mass.  
Dorchester Band.  
P., W. J. P. Sweeney.
- 7418 Mt. Pleasant, Mich.  
The Good Doers Band.  
P., Cora Reid.  
S., Willie Ramsay.
- 7419 Mamaroneck, N. Y.  
P., Ida S. Robinson.

- 7420 Atwater, Minn.  
Atwater Band.  
P., Mrs. J. D. Marshall.
- 7421 Steele, N. Dak.  
Rosebud Band.  
P., Edw. G. Allison.  
S., Bertie Walker.
- 7422 Richmond, Ind.  
Longfellow Band.  
P., Kate W. Morgan.
- 7423 Washington Band.  
P., Marietta Morrell.
- 7424 Whittier Band.  
P., Elma Graves.
- 7425 Robin Band.  
P., Lucy Balfe.
- 7426 Busy Bees Band.  
P., Sadie Maxwell.
- 7427 Rose Bud Band.  
P., Susie Horney.
- 7428 Richmond, Ind.  
Lily Band.  
P., Maragret E. Mooney.
- 7429 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mary A. Moore.
- 7430 Busy Bees Band.  
P., Grace B. Davis.
- 7431 Robin Band.  
P., H. M. Jones.
- 7432 C. S. Hubbard Band.  
P., V. E. Lindemuth.
- 7433 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Emma Shover.
- 7434 Lend-a-Hand Band.  
P., Mary E. Perry.
- 7435 T. C. Burroughs Band.  
P., Ada Woodward.
- 7436 Washington Band.  
P., Mary E. Nusbaum.
- 7437 Lincoln Band.  
P., Alice Schofield.
- 7438 Longfellow Band.  
P., Louise Boyd.
- 7439 Rose Bud Band.  
P., Mary Hallowell.
- 7440 Lily Band, No. 2.  
P., Mary R. Marsh.
- 7441 Red Bird Band.  
P., M. L. Schofield.
- 7442 Blue Bird Band.  
P., Lina Schulz.
- 7443 Canary Band.  
P., Mrs. Close.
- 7444 Geo. T. Angell Band.  
P., Sophia Marchant.
- 7445 Thoughtful Workers.  
P., May Woodard.
- 7446 Whittier Band.  
P., Carolyn L. Salter.
- 7447 Pansy Band.  
P., Julia E. Test.
- 7448 Lark Band.  
P., Eunice Porterfield.
- 7449 Daisy Band.  
P., Mary T. Spencer.
- 7450 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Ella Bond.
- 7451 Louise M. Alcott Band.  
P., Harriet A. Thompson.
- 7452 Oriole Band.  
P., Emma Leeson.
- 7453 U. S. Grant Band.  
P., Emma Hough.
- 7454 Sunshine Band.  
P., Carrie E. Lesh.
- 7455 Dove Band.  
P., Emma C. Newman.
- 7456 Blue Bird, No. 2.  
P., Anna K. Iredell.
- 7457 Snow Bird Band.  
P., Nellie B. Thompson.

- 7458 Red Bird, No. 2.  
P., Anna M. Supton.
- 7459 Mary F. Thomas Band.  
P., D. M. Posey.
- 7460 C. S. Hubbard, No. 2.  
P., C. V. Ruse.
- 7461 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Anna P. Hill.
- 7462 Harrison Band.  
P., Lizzie E. Foulke.
- 7463 Blue Bird Band.  
P., Ida M. Burgess.
- 7464 Golden Rod Band.  
P., Rose H. Tuecke.
- 7465 Robin Band, No. 2.  
P., Lillian Stims.
- 7466 H. D. Thoreau Band.  
P., E. E. Thatcher.
- 7467 Busy Bees Band, No. 2.  
P., Lina R. Stahl.
- 7468 Rosebud, No. 2.  
P., Bertha Steen.
- 7469 Lily Band, No. 3.  
P., Vina Steen.
- 7470 Canary Band.  
P., Elma Test.
- 7471 Rose Band.  
P., Anna M. Shulz.
- 7572 I'll Try Band.  
P., Mattie Horney.
- 7473 Roxbury, Mass.  
P., A. Galbreth.
- 7474 Anderson, Ind.  
Busy Bees Band.  
P., Nora E. Guisinger.
- 7475 I'll Try Band.  
P., Mattie Reed.
- 7476 Geo. Washington Band.  
P., Mary Moran.
- 7477 Lily Band.  
P., Eva Lewis.
- 7178 Washington Irving Band.  
P., Ima Campbell.

- 7479 Whittier Band.  
P., Katie Bowman.
- 7480 Longfellow Band.  
P., W. I. Isanogel.
- 7481 Rosebud Band.  
P., Retta Bowen.
- 7482 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Vicie Townsend.
- 7483 Buds of Hope Band.  
P., Amanda J. Guisinger.
- 7484 Golden Rod Band.  
P., Mertie L. Goody  
Koonz.
- 7485 American Eagle Band.  
P., Mrs. C. B. Meckel.
- 7486 Canary Band.  
P., Mrs. Flo Jennings.
- 7487 Pansy Band.  
P., Kie Jones.
- 7488 Touch-me-not Band.  
P., Mrs. J. B. Pearcy.
- 7489 Boston, Mass.  
Beacon Light Band.  
P., Melvin Smart.
- 7490 Beloit, Wis.  
P., Mrs. T. G. Allen.
- 7491 Lynn, Mass.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., Joe Pinkham.
- 7492 Morley, Mich.  
P., Herman Dishong.
- 7493 Brooklyn, N.Y.  
Reynolds Band.  
P., Miss E. C. Cole.
- 7494 Johnstown, Pa.  
Grove Sch. Band.  
P., Elizabeth Little.
- 7495 Elgin, Ill.  
Elgin Academy Band.  
P., Mrs. L. K. Becker.
- 7496 Fulton, Ill.  
P., Helen Finch.
- 7497 Clarke, Va.  
Willing Workers Band.  
P., Laura A. Owens.

## THE BLACK MONKEY OF BRAZIL.

The black monkey of Brazil is perhaps the most cunning of all the species. They frequently make raids on our corn fields, carrying off the ears by tying them together by the shuck, and placing them thus tied across their shoulders, just as a boy does green corn. They place as a sentinel one of their gang on some tall tree or conspicuous place to watch for danger. I shot one once, only wounding him; his actions were so human-like that it made me feel sorry I had shot him, and I determined to never shoot another. He would look up at me with such a pitiful expression, and then look at the wound, parting the hair with his fingers, just as a person would do, looking alternately at me and the wound, jabbering all the while most pitifully, which to me said as plain as words, "See what you have done to a poor, helpless creature who has never done you any harm!" I tried to cure him, but he died in a few days.

EUGENE SMITH, Brazil.

Any of our readers who live in the country, or in villages not densely built up, by putting out suet or fat meats can gather before their windows many of the winter birds of their locality, and have breakfast, dinner, and tea-parties of happy birds, and a charming opportunity of studying them.



## Receipts by the Society in December.

Fines and witness fees, \$87.55.

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Miss L. Boyd, \$10; E. A. Goodnow, \$10; Mrs. H. P. Burnside, \$10; Mr. J. C. Braman, \$6; Miss F. Lincoln, \$4; Friends of Second Church, Dorchester, \$3.25.

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Total, \$347.25.

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### FIFTY CENTS EACH.

M. A. Brigham, Kate E. Unruh, Mrs. Mary H. Taylor, Miss M. P. Bacon, Louis Giles, J. G. Bennett, A. J. Foss, E. M. Bissell, Mary B. Stevenson, Harriet C. Kennard, Johnny Melville, Frank A. Bowers, Zada Rhodes, Chas. R. Crane, Lyman Wells, Sam'l L. Stevens, Lewis L. Jenkins, Mrs. G. L. Sanford, Sam'l Parker, J. P. Marble, Miss E. C. Webster, Etta F. Willard, Jno. M. Layford, Mrs. M. F. Tuley, Ray Fetzner, Harry Eichman, Jennie Schrader, Mary Potts, Richie Shields, Theodore Flagg, Tillie Spergee, Mary Krassett, Rosa Volashine, Mamie Smernoff, Lulu Jahn, Clara Kusterer, Eddie Merrick, Ralph Rossing, Alice Granger, Ida Fritz, Elizabeth



THE NEW HORSE.

Eastman, Rev. L. D. Mears, Mrs. Wm. F. Parrott, Robert P. Gifford, Mrs. A. C. Stearns, Charlie Watkins, Clara R. Jones, Geo. F. Fiske, Ernest Balch, Mrs. G. H. Adams, Mary J. Fuller, Alice Fox, Bertie Adams, Roscoe Peck, Mrs. S. Scollay Moore, Mrs. R. T. Moore, Everett Bowen, Mrs. Dr. W. H. Sharp, Ralph C. Peck, Albert Byington, Henry Otto, L. C. Sweet, E. E. Burge, Albert Pabst, Jno. Anderson, Wm. Bardsley, Jno. H. Miller, Clara C. Taft, J. H. Adams, Walter F. Wiggins, Anna D. Ludlow, Arthur B. Langford, Mrs. Addie I. Parker, Copeland Lang, Nath. Young, Caroline R. Barrett, Ethan Kendall, Miss M. A. Trowbridge, Mrs. Mary W. Staver, Linwell A. Behrens, Mrs. Wm. R. Drew, Sadie A. Holt, Ida Thompson, Henry and Willie Poole, Florence W. Hills, Sara F. Morey, Arthur L. Chapin, Howard D. Johnson, James Van Wagner, Lucy C. Thayer, Edith Cleveland, Henry Ericson, Hora Garrison, Mabel Miller, Gertrude A. Shattuck, Samuel Webb, Jr., Chrystie Webb, Joseph D. Thompson, Mrs. Levi H. Elwell, Mrs. S. T. Payson, Miss E. E. Pierce, Mary W. Packard, Luman H. Cutler, Cecelia Judkins, Johnnie Flynn, Kenneth Merideth, Josephine Butterfield, Nell Parkinson, Hannah Barraclough, Paul and Carl Annes, Agnes Gray, Mary Mack, Marie Griswold, Anna Quickenden, Elizabeth Ball, Dr. Shaw, Martha Fairfield.

Total, \$147.38.

### AMBULANCE.

Sweet's express, \$4; J. A. Hearn & Co., \$2; Benj. Leeds, \$2; F. W. Chandler, \$3.50; H. Woods, \$2.

Total, \$13.50.

Publications sold, \$83.71; Interest, \$504.31; American Humane Education Society, for literature and sundries, \$218.75; Bequest from David E. Merriam, Leicester, \$500.

Total, \$1,992.07.

## Receipts by the Society in January.

Fines and witness fees, \$138.40.

### MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Leland Fairbanks, \$16; Mrs. Wm. H. Browne, \$12; a friend, \$6.50; Mrs. A. L. Fisher, \$5.50; Mrs. C. S. Rogers, \$3.

### TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. C. McCully, "A. L. F.," Susan J. White, Francis W. Welsh, Mrs. J. Sullivan Warren, Mrs. Jno. Simpkins, a friend.

### FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Daniel Denny, Miss S. P. Loud, S. R. Urbino, Miss Russell, H. A. Whitney, Jno. C. Palfrey, Miss M. W. Simpkins, Mrs. J. C. Robinson.

### TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Miss A. G. Tappan, Mary A. Ayres, Mary K. Northey, Mrs. J. M. Brigham, Elizabeth Gibson, Mary Robinson.

### ONE DOLLAR EACH.

C. C. Fenlon, Dr. H. W. Dudley, Edward Kendall.

Total, \$168.

### SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. Arthur Lawrence, \$24.75; Subscription Agencies, \$15.86; Flushing Society P. C. to Animals, \$12.25; Miss A. C. Bisbing, \$8.87; Jno. Collins, \$8.75; Dudley School, Roxbury, \$8.28; Miss E. McCormick, \$7.00; Wm. E. Keith, \$5.20; Miss A. Biddle, \$5.00; Mrs. A. L. Fisher, \$4.50; Mrs. Chase, \$4.00; Mrs. Leland Fairbanks, \$4.00; a friend, \$3.50; Isabella N. Freeby, \$3.00; Mrs. F. Cairns, \$2.50;

Mary J. Carr, \$2.50; Mrs. J. B. Thayer, \$2.25; Miss E. E. Simmons, \$1.75; J. F. Maury, \$1.50; Lucinda S. La Rue, \$1.50; Lillian E. Clark, \$1.25; Herbert Whitney, \$1.20; Geo. Putnam School, .96.

### TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Miss L. A. Dean, a friend, Sadie Syle, Mrs. C. E. Kirkpatrick, Dr. W. F. Johnson, Mrs. M. E. McCauley, Hannah G. Clemson.

### ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. A. L. Faxon, Sarah L. Rogers, Mary B. Hopkins, Matilda Goddard, Miss A. G. Tappan, Sarah J. Webber, Catharine B. Kidder, H. G. Maynard, Clarence P. Derby, Jonathan C. Gould, R. M. Bundy, Mrs. B. W. Sumerton, A. M. Hapgood, Mrs. Geo. L. Underwood, S. D. White, Mrs. E. B. Merrill, Anna Emerson, Wm. Wood, Dr. G. C. Smith, Edie S. Wilkinson, a subscriber, Gertie L. Stoddard, Eliza P. T. Honk, Holyoke, Martha W. Greene, Dr. A. Jackson, Sumner Keith, H. P. F. Burnside, Amelia G. Mace, G. A. Galger, Miss E. L. Brown, Miss Torrey, H. Lamont.

### FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Miss E. L. Huntington, Annie H. Eastman, Mrs. L. Dennis, Heda Grerves, Mrs. L. A. Botsford, Willie N. Smith, Alice M. Peters, Roy C. Brock, Edson A. Chamberlain, Mrs. Eliza Hall, Lucy P. Arnold, Cora Spencer, L. V. Fairchild, Mrs. L. L. Toothaker, F. G. Clark, Mrs. M. C. Bolan, Eliza A. Mowry, E. C. Kelley, Anson P. Filer, Dora B. Russ, Annie Carson, Miss Panderson, Robt. B. Gifford, Mrs. Mary H. Bowersack, Daniel S. Hopkins, Jennie Hopkins, J. Allen Hubbell, Mrs. J. G. Bradbury, Blanche O. Sanborn, Emma Frazier, S. Morris, Emily Tilghman, Helen M. Heffron, Abel Spaulding, Mrs. A. C. A. Sweetey, Mrs. Eliza Cushman, Mrs. D. L. Winchester, F. W. Smith, Chas. M. Loud, Edmund H. Durgin, Chas. H. Bailey, Alice Seaver, Miss L. F. Bowen, Dr. A. C. Man, Frank A. Simonds, J. Irving Brigham, Mrs. M. P. O'Connor, C. B. Cooke, N. J. Squires, Ruth Fisher, Sarah E. Gove, Mary F. Farrington, Mrs. J. H. Woodward, Minnie Shackleford, Miss Wells, Lizzie Stover, Chas. S. Van Etton, Haraden S. Pearl, Mrs. H. B. Morrill, Anne Ripley, Lida K. Hall, Ralph N. Marvell, Emma Lewis, C. Roland Mills, Elizabeth L. Forsyth, Frank Byale, Ina Wardlaw, Mrs. Jno. M. Hodge, Mrs. J. C. Miller, Mrs. M. Darling, Mrs. J. H. Leighton, Gertie Graham.

Total, \$213.37.

American Humane Education Society, for literature and sundries, \$218.75.

### AMBULANCE.

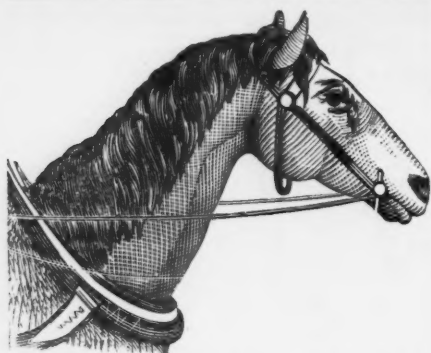
S. W. Gilman, \$3.50; J. P. Squire & Co., \$2.50; A. S. Hamlin, \$1; City of Boston, \$1; Boive, Crawford & Co., Augustus Whittemore, J. Q. Adams, Jordan, Marsh & Co., Jno. Thresher, and Lynn and Boston H. R. R. Co., \$2 each.

Total, \$20. Interest, \$260.

Publications sold, \$120.15.

Total, \$1138.67.

Tamberlik, the tenor, was once strolling through the market at Madrid, when he noticed a great lot of song-birds in cages. He drew a thousand franc note from his pocket, handed it to the proprietor, and threw open all the cages, saying: "Go and be free, my brothers!" as the birds flew away.



Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check-Reins.



The overhead check-rein for the horse is refined and steady torture, not for the strain backward of the neck, but because the animal cannot see the ground on which he is stepping. The swaying of his head from side to side is evidence of his trying to find relief.—*Boston Transcript*.

## BAND OF MERCY HYMN.

BY URSULA TANNENFORS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Tune,—"The Star Spangled Banner."

O, brothers, ye sing of a banner that shone  
Afar o'er the strife with its star-spangled greeting;

A flag we unfurl that is mercy's alone,  
For man and for beast a bright promise repeating;

O sing of our Bands, as they spread o'er the lands,  
From North unto South let the children clasp hands:

Each voice be upraised in our brave trumpet-call—

The watchword of mercy and kindness to all!

O brothers, what cruelties dark and untold  
For man and for beast earth's wide regions yet number!

Let mercy's young soldiers, in armies enrolled,  
March on, till each soul be awaked from its slumber;

Come, chant our glad rhyme to the strains that through time  
Re-echo the hymn of our own Western clime:

Each State in our Union be thrilled by the call—  
The watchword of mercy and kindness to all!

O hark! from the pine-shadowed mountains of Maine,

From where on the sand breaks the blue, sparkling ocean;

From sun-ripened South and from wild Western plain

Rolls on the full song of our youthful devotion!

Till mercy's brave Bands shall keep watch o'er the land,

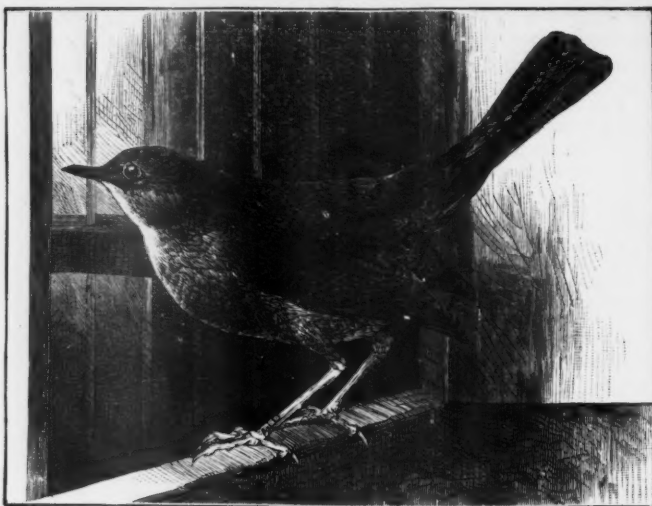
Till creatures and men feel our rescuing hand,

And earth shall resound with our loud trumpet-call—

The watchword of mercy and kindness to all!

—FROM MASS. SOCIETY'S BAND OF MERCY HYMN AND SONG BOOK; 52 songs and hymns for 2 cents.

Says the *Examiner*: "The appointment of women on school boards does not meet with approval in all quarters. A janitor in one of the public schools thus relates his grievances: 'Here I have been janitor of this school for fifteen years, and not a soul has ever been in the basement but myself, and now this woman comes to inspect the school, and the first thing she does is to ask to see the basement. And that basement,' he added, plaintively, 'wasn't in a fit condition for any one to see.'"



THE NIGHTINGALE.

## A SCENE ON SOMERSET STREET, BOSTON.

The intelligence of the horse is frequently commented upon, and a novel illustration occurred on Somerset street, near Beacon, yesterday noon. A horse attached to an express wagon was quietly nibbling his noonday oats from a tin pail suspended from his head by a string, in the regulation horse fashion. Facing him, a little further down the street, was another horse harnessed to another express wagon, who was *not* nibbling his noonday oats from a tin pail suspended from his head by a string, in the regulation horse fashion. He wished he was. Surveying the hopelessness of the situation from his standpoint, he slowly advanced up the street until his nose touched the horse fortunately nibbling oats. The new arrival began to get chummy with the diner. He was very caressing and insinuating in his attentions. Indeed, so much so that it was but a very few moments before *his* nose was in the pail, which remained suspended, however, from the head of its original possessor. Thus was appetite appeased, and a dinner for one made to serve for two, tête-à-tête. Probably horse number two didn't know that "*when one order is served for two*" it is generally charged extra.—*Boston Times*.

## CANARY AND MIRROR.

A lady cites the following pretty incident of the pleasure her canary derived from seeing his reflection in a bit of looking-glass:

"Some time ago I purchased a canary at a bird store. The little creature was thus accustomed to companionship of its kind. At my home it was alone.

The pretty little songster was evidently homesick. It would not sing, it would not eat, but just drooped and pined. I talked to it, chirped to it, and tried my best to cheer birdie up in vain.

I was on the point of returning the canary to the bird-store, when a friend said, 'Give him a piece of looking glass.' And I did! I put a piece of broken mirror as large as my two hands outside of the bird's cage, and fastened it there.

He hopped down from his cage almost immediately, and going up close, looked in, seeming delighted. He jumped and hopped about, singing and putting on all the pretty airs he was master of.

He was not homesick at all after that. He spends much of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down as close to the glass as he possibly can very likely thinking he is getting near to the pretty bird he sees in the mirror.

I often let him out into the room where he can have more liberty. If I put that piece of glass anywhere in the room he will find it, and spends most of his time before it, he sings his sweetest songs to his own beautiful reflection."

## FORTY-FOUR MILES OF CABS.

The spectacle of *forty-four miles* of cabs is enough to make any one shudder, yet that is the length to which the London cabs would extend if they were placed in a line. We owe this interesting calculation to Sir Charles Warren.—*London Court Journal*.

## PRICES OF HUMANE PUBLICATIONS.

The following other publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:

Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell. Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for 10 cents; one hundred, 25 cents, post paid.

Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by George T. Angell, at 3 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or \$2.00 per 100

Twelve Lessons and review, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, on Kindness to Animals, 2 cents for the whole bound together, or 2.00 "

Care of Horses, 2.00 "  
Cattle Transportation, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "  
Protection of Animals, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "

Five Questions Answered, by Geo. T. Angell, .50 "

The Check-Rein, by Geo. T. Angell, .50 "  
Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "

How to Kill Animals Humanely, by Dr. D. D. Slade, 1.00 "  
Selections from Longfellow, 3.00 "

Service of Mercy, selections from Scripture, etc., .65 "

Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell, .35 "  
Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole, or 2.00 "

Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.  
Band of Mercy Cards of Membership, 2 cents each.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to everyone asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month  
by the

## MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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